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THE TROUBADOUR



IGHT, they say, is no man's friend:
And at night he met his end
In the woods of Trebizend.

Hate crouched near him as he strode
Down the darkness of the road,
Where my lord seemed some huge toad.

Eyes of murder glared and burned
At each bend of road he turned,
Or where wild the torrent churned.

And with Death we stood and stared
From the bush as by he fared;
But he never looked or cared.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

He went singing; and a rose
Lay upon his heart's repose
With what thoughts of her—who knows?

He had done no other wrong
But to sing a simple song—
“I have loved you, loved you long.”

And my lady smiled and sighed;
Gave a rose and looked moist-eyed,
And forgot she was a bride.

And my lord saw; gave commands.
I was of his robber bands:
Love should perish at our hands.

Young the knight was. He should sing
Nevermore of love and spring,
Or of any gentle thing.

When he stole at midnight's hour
To my lady's forest bower,
We were hidden near the tower.

In the woods of Trebizend
There he met an evil end:
Night, you know, is no man's friend.

The Troubadour

He had fought in fort and field;
Borne for years a stainless shield,
And in strength to none would yield.

But we seized him unaware;
Bound and hung and stripped him bare;
Left him to the wild boars there.

Never has my lady known.
But she often sits alone,
Weeping when my lord is gone.

Night, they say, is no man's friend:
In the woods of Trebizend
There he met an evil end.

Now my old lord sleeps in peace,
While my lady—each one sees—
Waits, and keeps her memories.

Madison Cawein